

The Booke of the fayre Genty
woman, that no man shulde
put his truste, or confy-
dence in: that is to say,

Lady Fortune:
flateringe every man
that coueyteth to
haue all, and specially,
them that truste in
her, she decey-
ueth them
at laste.

Fortune.



The End

The Prologue.

I S often as I cōspyre, these olde noble clerkes
Poetes, Orateurs, & Philosopheres sectes these,
Howe wonderfull they were, in all theys werkes
Howe eloquent, howe inuentiue in euery degre
Halfe amased I am, and as a deed tre
Stonde styll, ouer ende for to brynge forth
Any fruite or sentence, that is ought worthe.

¶ Nevertheless though rude I be, in all cōtynnyng
Of mattes, yet sōwhat to make, I nede not to care
I se many a one occupyed, in the same thyng
Lo Inferned men now a dayes, wyll not spare
To wyte, to habbe, theys myndes to declare
To rownye them selfe, & ay fantasyes to drawe
When all theys cunnynge is not worth a streame.

¶ Somei french & englyshe, gladly doth presume
Some in Englyshe, blyndly wade and wandre
Another in laken bloweth forth a darke fume
As wyse as a great bedded Ass of Alexandre
Some in Philosophye, lyke a gagesyng gander
Begynneth lustily the blowes to set on
And at the last concludeth, in the good ase on.

This Prologus.



Fortane peuerffe
 Qui le monde verffe
 Toule a ton desyre
 Jamais tu nas cisse
 Plaine de fineffe
 Et y prens pleassice.

Par roy verrent maals
 Et guerres mortals
 Tous inconueniens
 Darmons et par dault
 Et aulx hospitalz
 Meurent tant de gens.

THE Prologue.

I So often as I cōspyre, these olde noble clerkes
Poetic. ~~Deacons.~~ & Philosophers sectes this,

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The Prologue.

I S often as I cōsydere, these olde noble strikes
Poetis, Orateurs, & Philosophers sectes thre,
Howe wonderfull they were, in all theyr werkes
Howe eloquent, howe inuentyue in every degre
Halfe amased I am, and as a deed tre
Stonde styll, ouer ende for to brynge forth
Any fruite or sentence, that is ought worth.

Under theles though rude I be, in all cōtynnyng
Of matto, yet sō what to make, I nede not to care
I se many a one occupied, in the same thyng
Lo Inlerned men now a dayes, wyll not spare
To wyte, to habbe, theyr myndes to declare
Trowynge them selfe, gay fantasyes to drawe
When all theyr cunnynge is not worth a strawe.

Some french & englyshe, gladly doth presume
Some in Englyshe, blyndly wade and wander
Another in laten bloweth forth a darke rime
As wyse as a great bedded Asse of Alexandria
Some in Philosophye, lyke a gagelynge gander
Buggyneth lustily the blowes to set on
And at the last concludeth, in the good ase on.

Finis Prologus.



Fortane peuerffe
 Qui le monde berffe
 Toult a ton desyre
 Jamais tu nas cesse
 Plaine de fineffe
 Et y prens pleasite:

Q par roy venent maais
 Et guerres mortais
 Tous inconueniens
 D'armons et par daisy
 Et ausy hospitalz
 Ventent tant de gens.

Fortune, O myghty & varyable

What rule thou claymest, with thy cruel power
 Good folke thou strouest, and louest reuerable
 Thou mayst not waraunt thy gyfts for one houre
 Fortune Inworthy men setteth in honour
 Thowtwe fortunett innocent i two & sorrow sheweth
 The iust man she spoyleth, & the vniust enrycheth.

Thowngemen she kylleth, & letteth olde men lyue
 Durvghtuously denyng, tyme and season
 That good men leseth, to wycked doth she gyue
 She hath no differece, but iudgeth all good reason
 Inconstaunce, slpyper, stroule, and full of treason
 Neyther for euer cheryshyng, nor om she t keth
 Nor for euer oppressyng, whom she forsaiketh.

C. F. i. n. i. s. P. L. D.



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**The wordes of fortune
to the people.**

Q. Tho. Ho.

Myne hyghe estate, power and auctorite
If ye ne knewe, inscribhe and ye shall spye
That rychesse, worshyp, welth, and dygnyte
Joye, rest, and peace, and all thyng synally
That any pleasure or profyte maye come by
To mannes comforte, ayde and sustenance
Is all at my denyse, and ordynaunce.

Without my fauoure, there is no thyng wonne
Nay a matter haue I brought at laste
To good conclusyon, that fondly was begonne
And many a purpose, bounden sure and faste
With wysse vrayson, I haue ouercaste
Without good h. ppe, there may no wyte suffyse
Better is to be fortunate, than wysse.

And therfore hath there some men ben or this
By dreedy footes, and witten many a boke
To my dyspryse, and no oth. cause th. re is
But for me lyst, not frenoly on th. m. like
As lyke the fow they fare, that once forsake
The pleasaunt grapes, and gan for to dyspye them
Ycause he lepte & lepte, & coude not come by the.

But let them wyte, the p[er]ilous is in Bayne
For well ye wot, myrth, honoure and rycheffe
Better is than shame, penury and payne
The neddy wyrteth, that syngeryth in dyresse
Without myne helpe, is euer comfortlesse
A wery burden odrouse and lothe
To all the worldes, and to hymselfe both.

But he that by my fauoure maye ascende
To myghty power, and excellent degre
A comon wele to gouerne, and descende
In howe blessed condycyon, standeth he
Hym selfe in honour and felcype
And ouer that, may forther and encrease
In holi regyon, in ioye rest and peace.

Now in this poynt, there is no more to saye
Eche man hath of hym selfe the gouernaunce
Let every wyght, than take his owne waye
And he that out of pouerte, and myschaunce
Lyf for to lue, and wyll hym selfe enhaunce
In welth & rycheffe, come forth and wayte on me
And he that wyll be a begger, let hym be.

To them that trusteth
in Fortune.

Bayne
Hesse

treffe

nd

saye

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on me

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me

Thou that art proude of honour shape or kyn
That helpest vp this wretched world; treasure
Thy fyngers shyned with golde; thy tawnyf skyn
With fresshe appareyll, garnysshed out of mesure
And wenyest to haue fortune, alway at thy pleasure
Lest vp thyne eye, and seke howe fopper chance
Mudith her men with chaunge and variaunce.

[Somtyme she loketh, as lovely fayre & bryght
As goodly Venus, mother of cuppyde
She becketteth and smyleth vpon euery wyght
But this feyned chere, may not abyde
There cometh a cloude, and farewell all our pryde
Like any serpent, she begynneth to swell
And loketh as farse, as any fury of hell.

[Yet for all that, we brothle men are fayne
So wretched is our nature, and so blinde
As soone as fortune lyst, to laughe agayne
With faynt countenaunce, and deceyfull mynde
To croutche and knele, and gape after the wynde
Not one or twayne, but thousandes in a rout
Like swarmyng bees, come flaker ynge her about.

[Then as bayte, she byngelsh forth her ware
As suet, golde, ryche pettele, and precious stone
Whiche, the mased people gase and stare

And

And gaze therfore. as dogges for the bone
fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
Amid her treasure. and waeterpnce tyfesse
proudly she loweth, as Lady and Emperesse

T Fast by her syde doth werylaboure stande
Dale fere also and sorowe all he wepte
Dysdepne. and hatred, on that other hande
Eke r. files watche, fro slepe with trauaile kept
His eyes drowpy, and lokynge as he slepte
Befoze her standeth Daunger and Enuye
Flattery, Dysceyte, Dyschyse, and Tyranny.

Aboute her cometh, all the worlde to begge
He asketh londe and he to passe wolde bynge
It is ioye and that, and all not worth an egge
He wolde in loue prospre, aboue all thyng
He kneleth downe and wolde be made a kynge
He forceth not. so he maye money haue
Thoughe all þe worlde accompt hym for a knau

Lo if we dyuers heddeys, dyuers wyttes
fortune alone, as dyuers as they all
Unstable here and there, amon re them fyttes
And at auenture, downe h. r gyftes fall
Latche who so may, she throweth great and fine
Not to all men, as cometh sonne or dewe
But for the most parte, all among a fewe.

And yet her brotelle gyftes, maye not last
He that she gaue them, loketh proude and hye
She whyrleth aboute, and plucketh away as fast
And gyueth them to an other, by and by
And thus from man to man, continually
She vseth to gyue and take, and slepy tosse
One man to wynnynge, and of an others losse.

And whē she robbeth one, downe goth his pryde
He wepeth and wayleth, and curseth her full sore
But he that receyuethe it, on that other syde
Joglad, and blesseth her, a. M. tymes therfore
But in a whyle whan she loneth hym no more
She glydeth from hym, and her gyftes to
And he her curseth, as other fooles do.

Alas the foly the people, can not seare
Ne doyde her trayne, tyll they the harme feele
Aboute her alwaye, besely they preace
But lorde what he thynketh hym selfe, wese
That maye set ones, his hande vpon her whele
He holdeth fast, but vwarde as he styeth
She whyppeyth her whele about, & there he lyeth.

Thus fell Julius, from his myghty powre
Thus fell Darius, the worthy kynge of perse
Thus fell Alexandre, the souerayne conquarour

B. 1.

Thus

¶ Thus many mo, then I maye well reherse
Thus double fortune, when she lyst reuerse
Her sylpper fauoure, fro them that in her trust
She styeth her waye, and styeth hym in the dust.

¶ She sodenly enhaunce hym a losse
And sodenly myscheueth, all the flocke
The hed that late laye, easely and softe
In stede of pylonse, styeth after on the blocke
And yet alas, the cruell proude mocke
The deynye mouth, that ladyes kyssed haue
She byngeth in the case, to kyss a knaue.

¶ Thus whē she chaunceth, her vncertayne counse
Do starteth a knaue, & downe ther fallteth a knyght
The begger ryche, and the ryche man poore is
Hatted is turned to lone, Loue to despyght
This is her sport, thus proueth she her myght
Great boft she maketh, yf one be by her power
wethy, and wretched, both in an houre.

¶ Prouerbe that of her gyfte, wyll no thyng take
With mery chere, she loketh on the presc
And seeth howe fortunes, how shulde go to waste
Fast by her standeth, the wyse Socrates
Arystippus, Diabagoras, and many a lyf:
Of olde Philosophers, and eke agaynst y sonne
Baketh hym pore Diogenes in his tonne

¶ With her is Elias, whose countrey lacked defence
And whylom of theyr foes stode so in doubt
That erbe man hastily gan to cary thense
And asked hym why, he nought caried out
I herre quod he, all myne with me about
Wysdome he ment, not fortunes brotell fees
For nought he counted his, that he myght lese.

¶ Heraclitus to, lyft felowsshyp to kepe
With glad pouerte, Democritus also
Of whiche the syf can neuer but wepe
To se howe thycke, the blynd people go
With great labour, to purchase care and wo
That other laugheth, to se the folysshe apes
Howe earnestly, they walke about theyr Japers

¶ Of this poore secte, it is the vsage
Onely to take, that nature maye sustayne
Bonyshynge cleue, all other surplussage
They be content, and of noishynge complayne
No regard eke, is of his golde so fayne
But they more pleasure fane, a thousande folde
The secret draughtes of nature and to beholde.

¶ Her fortunes seruauntes by them and ye wull
That one is fre, that other euer thrall
That one content, that other neuer full

B.ii.

¶ That

That one in suerty, that other lyke to fall
Who lyst to aduise them, both perceyue ye shall
No great dyfference betwene them, as we se
Betwypte wretchednes, and felcypete.

Now haue I shewed you both, chese to which ye list
Stately fortune, or humble pouerte
That is to saye, nowe lyeth it in your fyft
To take you to bondage, or fre lyberte
But in this poynt, and ye do after me
Drawe you to fortune, and labour her, to please
yf that ye thynke your selfe, to well at ease.

And fyft vpon the, louely shall she smyle
And stendly on the cast, her wanderynge eyes
Embrace the in her armys, and for a whyle
Dre the into a fokes paraoyse
And forthwith all, what so thou lyst denyse
She wyll the graunt it, lyberally perhappes
But for all that beware of after clappes.

Rekyn you neuer, of her fauour sure
Ye maye in the clowdes, as easely trace an harte
Or in drylonde cause fysshes to endure
And make the burnyng fyre his hete to spare
No all this worlde encompasse to forsare
No her to make by craft, or engyne stable
That of her nature, is enet barpayble.

Cerue her daye and nyght, as reuerntly
vpon thy knees, as any seruaunte maye
And in conclusion, that thou shalt wyne thereof
Shall not be worth thy seruaunce I dare saye
And yet, loke what she gyueth the to daye
With labour wonne, she shall haply to morowe
Plucke it out of thy hande agayne with sorowe.

Wherfore yf thou in suerte lyst to stande
Take pouerties parte, and let proude fortune go
Receyue nothyng that cometh from her hande
Lone maner and Vertue, for they be onely tho
Whiche double fortune maye neuer take the fro
Thy mayst thou boldly desyre her turnynge chaunce
She can the neyther hynder, nor auance.

But if thou wilt nedes meddle with her treasure
Trust not therein, and spende it lyberally
Bere the not proude, nor take not out of measure
Byde not thyn house, hyghe Ty in the skye
None falleth faile, but he that clynbeth hye
Remembre nature sent the hyther bare
The gyft of fortune, compt the, as borrowed ware

Who so delyteth to prouen and assaye
Of wauerynge fortune, the full vncertayne lot
If that the answer please ye not alwaye

W.iii.

Blame

Blame not me for I commaunde ye not
Fortune to trust, and eke full well ye wote
I haue of her no bydle in my fyft
She renneth loose, and turneth where shelyste

The rollyng dyse, in whiche your lucke doth stand
With whose vnhappy chaunce ye be so wronght
ye knowe your selfe, came neuer in myne hande
So in this ponde, be fysshes and frogges both
Cast in your net, but be ye lyfe or death
Holde you content as Fortune lyst assigne
It is your owne fysshynge and not myne.

And thonghe in one chaunce fortune you offend
Iudge not therat. but bere a mery face
In many a nother, she shall it amende
There is no man so fit out of her grace
But he somtyme, hath comforte and solace
Ne none agayne so set forth in her fauoure
That fully satysfied is with her behauioure.

Fortune is statelly, solemne, proude, and hye
And ryches gyueth, to haue seruyce therfore
The neddy begger catcheth an halfe peny
Some man a. viij. ponde some lesse some more
But for all that, she kepeth euer in store
From euery man some parcell of his wyll
That he may praye therfore, and serue her wyll.

Some man hath good, but chyldey hath none
Some man hath both, but he can get none best;
Some hath all thre, but up to honoures throne
Can he not crepe by no maner of steele
To som: she sendeth, chyldey, rythes welles
Honoure, worship, and reuerence all his lyfe
But yet she prynceth hym, with a shewd wyfe.

Then for as moche as it is fortunes gape
To graunt no man all thyng that he wyll aye
But as her selfe lyst order and deuise
Doth every man his parte dreynde and taye
I conceyll you truffe up your pacys
And take nothyng at all, or be content
With suche rewarde, as fortune hath you sent.

All thynges in this booke that ye shall rede
Do as ye lyst, there shall no man you bynde
Them to beleue, as surely as your crede
But notwithstandinge, certyes in my mynde
I durste well swere, as trewe ye shall them spade
In every poynt, eche answer by and by
Heare the iudgementes of Astronomey

Chirchyneth Lady Fortune

Fortune speketh:
Fortune ou est David, et Salmon
Machabée, Josue, Machabée
Diofernes, Alexandre, et Sampson
Julles Cesar, Hector, Nisus, Pompee
Qu'est Blypes, et sa grant renommee
Artur le roy, Godefroy, Charlemaine
Daires le grant, Hercules Tholomee
Ilz sont tous mors, ce monde est choseaine

Quest devenu Pharon, le roy felon
Job le courtois, Thobie, et leur lignee
Aristote, ypocras, et Platon
Judich, Hester, Boece, Penelopee
Royne dido, Dalas, Juno, Medee
Beneture, ausse la tresnoble Helaine
Dakamides, Tristian, avec son espee
Ilz sont tous mors, ce monde est choseaine

Imprynte by me Robert Wyer dwellyn
ge, in Saynt Martyns parisse, in
the Duke of Suffolkes rentes,
Besyde Charynge
Crosse.

Ad imprimendum
Solus.